

unworthy of the mother that bore them, and merit the opprobrium of every decent man.

The Officer's Rosary.

A young officer in the army, whose life was anything but an exemplary one, for he was careless in the practice of his duties to God, had however one virtue, he had bound himself by promise to say the Rosary every day. This, as a man otherwise of honor, he faithfully kept for years. But to every one who pledges himself to any rule, the occasion must come when the rule grows irksome, and so it was with the officer.

One day during the war, he returned at nightfall to his tent, utterly worn out with fatigue, and he threw himself at once on his cot and immediately fell into a deep sleep.

Before midnight he awoke, or better still his Angel Guardian awoke him, and he remembered that he had not said his Rosary. As may be imagined he felt not a little disinclined to get up and recite it. For a while he lay still, debating what he should do. At last he said to himself.

"I never broke my word to any man, and I will not do so to Our Blessed Lady."

He sprang up, and as one after another he said his beads, feelings of contrition for his past sins began to enter into his heart. By the time the Rosary was finished, he was conscious of an intense desire to go to confession. Kneeling down he made a solemn promise to do so, saying aloud:

"I will go to confession to-morrow morning."

"And why not now?" asked a familiar voice out of the darkness. It was that of the army chaplain, Father Damas, who, through the providence of God, happened to be passing at that moment and heard the officer's words.

Impressed by this coincidence he readily consented and made his confession. When the day dawned he assisted at the chaplain's Mass and received Holy Communion.

A few hours later the troops were called out to battle, and almost the first shot fired by the enemy struck the young officer and killed him on the spot. The Rosary had once more saved a soldier.